

"Truth in the Movies"

"Sandsy's Rebellion"

Youth

FEBRUARY
1929

New
Price 15¢



What to Do
With a Blunder---

"RED RIBBONS"

Will Tell You
Page 4

GENE HORTON

On Sale at Leading News Stands

Eyes that disregard the rain see the rainbow

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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YOUTH BROADCASTS

A DINNER-HOUR program, featuring stories from current issues of *Youth* magazine in dramatized form, is being broadcast over station WOQ, each Thursday at 6:30 p. m., central standard time. The characters in the stories are interpreted by young people at headquarters. The programs are receiving an enthusiastic response from the radio audience. Comments and suggestions from listeners are welcomed by the editor of *Youth*.

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Let's Talk It Over

By Ourselves

Gray Elephants and White Ones

WHEN the Republican national convention met in Kansas City last summer, a novelty manufacturer planned to "clean up" on the sale of little gray felt elephants. His plans were well made and so were the elephants, but the convention proved to be a much tamer affair than had been expected, too tame for so many elephants, and the manufacturer was left with a large stock of small elephants which seemed to be a total loss, but he had other ideas. He reduced the girth of the elephants, cut off their trunks and made tails of them, and behold! the little felt pachyderms became little felt donkeys, which were offered for sale at the Democratic convention at Houston. So the elephants became donkeys, loss became profit, and sorrow became joy.

The point of the story is obvious: Make a donkey out of your elephant, or it will make a monkey out of you; a statement which applies to the traditional white elephant as well as it did to the gray felt elephants in this story.

Each new experience awaits our verdict, and takes character from that verdict. If we pronounce it misfortune or hardship it will be so to us whether it would be to any one else or not. If we pronounce it a blessing or an opportunity it will prove to be that.

This statement applies to the many things before which we go down to defeat or through which we advance to new successes.

It applies to the course of study which has assumed elephantine proportions to us. It applies to the things for which we have worked, and which we do not want after we have secured them. It applies to the temper which we have not learned to control, to our part time memory, and to our overtime work.

In each such experience there is an opportunity—an opportunity to prove some untried ability, to make a strength of some weakness, to wrest victory from defeat.

One of the happiest results of accepting such an opportunity is that in seeking the desired result, we find that many unexpected good things develop for us. In correcting a poor memory, for instance, we not only discover our mental mastery, but we improve our work in school or in business, we make friends, we enrich each new experience by the recollection of other related experiences, we avoid errors and improve efficiency. In facing an apparent defeat of some kind, we learn that we can "go on" in spite of defeat, that we can rise above it; we find friendliness in people whom we had not appreciated before; we learn lessons that will prevent another such encounter, and we discover within ourselves those powers which can actually turn defeat into victory.

Young People Will Ask Their Sandsy's Rebellion

By Gardner Hunting

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ANDERSON PHOTOS

Chapter I

EVERY fellow when he gets to be my age thinks about a lot of things he doesn't talk about. Some of them nobody will talk with us about, and some we don't dare to mention. We are ashamed, I suppose. Once in awhile you'll hear some man speak before a school, or at the "Y", or some such place, and talk along the edges of subjects we'd like to hear discussed. But usually he only gets you to hoping he is going to tell you something you want to know, and then he dodges the real thing, or trails off into nothing, as if he is afraid to come out and tell the truth.

I told my father this, and he said I had a subject for a story, if I would write one. That was a sort of facer for me at first. I thought he was joking; then I guessed he was handing me a jolt because he thought I was getting conceited, or because I was getting some of these ideas you see so much in the papers and the magazines, about the "rebellion of youth," and all that. But I found that he meant what he said; he wanted me really to write the story of how Larry and I got in trouble at Hazelhurst High, and how Mr. Carrington, in New York, introduced us to Will Rock, the great stage and moving picture star, and how everybody turned against us at Hazelhurst, and why. Dad said that my "point of view" on the things that happened, or what Larry and I both thought about them, might open the eyes of some fathers and mothers and teachers.

Well, I'm not conceited enough to think I'll open anybody's eyes very much, because every man who is a dad, or who teaches in the high school, must have done and seen and thought all the same things when he was young that we fellows do, and there can't be anything I could say that will be new to them. The

reasons why I am trying to write this at all are just because it seems queer to me that, if older men *do* know these things, they never open up and tell us about how *they* got along with the problems *we* are up against, and because no other fellow like me ever does try to touch these things when he writes a story. For of course I'm not the first high school chap who has tried writing a story.

THERE's one queer thing I've found out at the start, and that is that one of the hardest things I have ever tried to do is to write the truth, just the way it is. You'd think it would be easy, just to scribble down exactly what happened to Larry and me and exactly what we thought of it; but if you ever try such a thing, you may find out what I have, that you can think of a hundred reasons for doctoring up the truth to make a good story, or to get away from "hush-hush" subjects, as Larry calls them, or to make readers think you are clever, or something like that. You learn that the truth about anything is not only hard to find out, but hard to tell, even when you know it. I guess nearly everybody thinks first about the impression he is going to make on people who see what he does, and he only thinks afterwards about doing it as well as he can. Anyhow, I know it's a mighty hard thing not to play mostly to the grand stand. Maybe that's only because I'm a grand stand player myself. Dale Drayton probably thinks I am, and I have to admit that I can't ever get entirely out of my mind what other people think. Can you?

I've watched other fellows enough to know that a good many of them wouldn't admit it, if they realized it; so I'll start out by admitting it. And right here up comes the question as to what you are going to think of me when I say that. Are you going to think I'm posing as

Parents to Read This Story

unusually honest, or will you know that I'm just trying to *be* honest? I really ought not to care what you think about me, if I'm going through with this, but ought just to hand you the truth and let you think what you like about that.

Well, there were two people at Hazelhurst High who didn't like me. I'll say at *least* two people. One was Dale Drayton, and the other was the principal, Mr. Pryor. I didn't know at first that Dale had it in for me. (That's not very select English, is it? Miss Arling would say it wasn't! But if I try to use select English, I never will write anything very real about what happened—and what's more, none of the fellows will ever read a line of it. And if I do write the truth, I want the fellows to read it.) Dale did have it in for me. So did Pryor—or Mr. Pryor, as I suppose I should call him.

Of course I know we ought to be respectful to the principal of the High. But what you ought to do and what you do are likely to be different, particularly when a man like Pryor, who is a grand stand player from scratch to finish, is your principal. Pryor was one of those men who are always talking about honesty, and principle, and character, and all that; and who yet doesn't hesitate to bluff you, or lie to you, or be unfair, or put up a pretense for the effect, whenever he thinks it will get him anything; and I'd like to know how any fellow is going to respect such a man. We may pretend to, just because we are expected to, but we don't; and when we pretend, we are playing to the grand stand, too. I believe that about nine-tenths of all this stuff you hear about the "rebellion of youth," comes from our getting fed up with pretending. You hear a lot of preaching about how you ought to behave, and then you watch the preachers

I'm not the first high school chap who has tried writing a story.



awhile and see that they pull some of the very same stuff they tell you you "mustn't, mustn't"! It makes you sick. So, rather than do a thing and pretend you don't, you stop pretending. And people say it is "youth's insurgency," and so forth.

When I say "the preachers," I don't mean ministers of the churches. I mean anybody who preaches at you. I've heard men say that young people won't stand for being preached at, and they won't, either, if the preaching is the kind that Pryor did. It was bunk, when he got it off, because he didn't practice what he preached. Of course you've got no use for that. It bores you stiff. But when a fellow like Brook Carrington talks about character, you don't think it's preaching—and you know his stuff isn't bunk. Then you listen. All the fellows listen to that sort, no end. And most of the fellows I know really care a lot about it, though we don't say a lot, because it's too easy to talk. But whenever we know a man who is the real thing, we get a kick out of trying to be like him. I only know a few fellows who don't really want to be on the level and decent, good sports, and all that. I think those who don't seem to care are mostly fellows who have become disgusted with some man who

moralized at them and then proved to be a rotter or a fraud himself. You hear one tell you to live clean and think straight and all that stuff, and then hear him make dirty cracks in the locker room at the country club, when he doesn't know you are in the next section; or you see him praise up something he wants to sell, and that you know isn't what he says it is. Why you can easy get to thinking that nobody really believes the things they teach you! I mean after that happens a few times. It's the worst when the man you see or hear doing these things is your own dad—or the school principal your dad helps hire to teach you.

I'm not talking about my own dad. Larry calls him a peach—and that's what he is. But I know fellows whose fathers are the sort I mean, and I know their fathers, and if I were in their shoes, I guess I'd feel the way they do. If I should ever hear my father tell a smutty one, or see him cheat anybody in a trade, or know of his lying for any reason at all, it would pretty near queer my caring whether I was decent or not. Only of course I'll never see or hear any such thing. But you should hear Dale Drayton give his dad the laugh—or see Larry's father, the way he came home last summer.

YOU know, Larry lives with me. He's about like a brother. A friend of mine has written some stories about how this happened, and maybe you've read them. "Sandsy's Pal" tells about the beginning of it. Larry—Larry Start, his name is—saved my dog's life, and dad made Larry come and live with us, because he hadn't any other home—and no dad of his own living, so far as he knew then. So Larry came, and we've done a lot of things together, and I think more of that Irish red-head than some fellows do of their own brothers, I'm sure. He's the kind, Larry is, that always sticks, and is always ready to go to bat for you, no matter what's happened. That's how he got in trouble at High when I did.

Well, my father is an engineer. He

builds steel bridges and railroads, and he has to go to all sorts of places all over the world to do it. So he's away a lot. My mother died when I was just a kid—not long after Larry first came. I



"If I were you," he

can't tell much about her; it's too hard to write about it. There's a picture of her on Dad's desk in the library. I've seen him look at it. He never says much about her, but I know he feels the way I

do. I found out that he isn't very keen about traveling off so far and leaving me to go to school and all, but he has to. One of the things that makes me so strong for him is that I know these

that's another thing that has a lot to do with this character business of the Younger Generation, as they call us. No fellow can have much use for a dad who will pan his mother—I mean, who criti-



said, "I'd chop that stuff."

things about how he feels—things we don't talk about. I wonder a good many times what fellows think whose fathers and mothers are always scrapping. I suppose I should say quarreling. But

cizes and fusses around home, and gets sore and says things, the way Dale Drayton's dad does. They sure have some rotten times at their house. I was there

(Turn to page 22)

Red Ribbons

And Something More Important

By Katherine Merrick Scott

NOW at last it was over. It seemed incredible to Ted Rawlins as his company of cadets fell into a limp ease and mingled with the crowd which filled the concrete pavement outside the ball park. As a certain mental briskness departed, he could see that their uniforms were wrinkled, their collars wilted, their faces streaked red and black with dirt and sweat. But worse than their untidiness was the expression on their faces, the fallen, hopeless look, so devoid of the defiant enthusiasm of the morning. It filled Ted with pity and anguish, as the laughing, chattering crowd pushed heedlessly past them.

Then a company of cadets, decorated with scarlet ribbons, and fringed by cheering boys and girls, marched triumphantly out of the stadium.

"There it is! There's the winning company——"

A breathless murmur passed over the crowd as the company fell out. There was a stampede, an excited chorus of voices, presently the rah rahs of a school yell.

"We might give a yell," Ted thought, but he did not feel the necessary bravado to propose one. His cadets stood in an uncertain group, leaning on their guns, while they passed commonplace remarks. They avoided the issue with a consideration touching and painful. The thought in their minds was hidden behind elaborately casual banter on the heat and their general predilection for soda pop. Gradually, as the crowd thinned out and the sun, once such a fierce enemy, became dark gold and gentle, they drifted away in forlorn, yet determinedly cheerful groups of twos and threes.

"See you tonight, Cap'."

"Righto."

But Ted didn't really intend to be present at the school rally that night. He felt that he could never look his cadets in the face again. He would take off his uniform and hide it away forever from his sight, and safe in his own dark,

cool room, would try to forget that there had ever been a competitive drill.

"Why did I do that, why was I such an ass?" he asked himself over and over as he boarded the crowded street car. Home, and he would never come back, never. As he hung on a strap, he tried determinedly to fasten his mind on the advertising cards.

"Bring back the golden tints of girlhood—Baxter House Coffee, good to the last drop——"

IT WAS no use. Over and over, he saw the faces of his cadets, pathetic, wistful, reproachful. And he remembered the glory of the morning, which seemed so many years away. Surely it was another captain who had borne a little voice in his heart crying exultantly,

"We're going to win! We've gotta win! We're the best company in the best school in the city!"

Well, they were! And they should have won. But he had fumbled one of his commands. Just a second's confusion, but it had changed everything. He made another attempt to forget that particular moment of the day. There were plenty of other things to think about.

There were the weeks of excitement in preparation for the great day when all the cadet companies of the city were to be pitted against each other. The competitive drill! It was the big event of the school year. It was held in the largest stadium the city boasted and it caused city-wide excitement for the day and a half that it was taking place. The city's highest official was accustomed to watch the grand finale from a flag-draped box, while the winning company of the preceding year stood guard before him. The schools were given holiday for the great occasion and for a day and a half drank soft drinks, munched ice cream cones, and cheered the maneuvers of the cadets. Not a soul stirred in the high embankment of seats, or in the close blue ranks of the cadets, at the moment when the

brigade adjutant paused before announcing the winning company. When the suspense was ended, the lucky company marched out of its position among the less favored companies, and lined up in front of the judges' stand. To the ac-

A new set of heroes had been crowned. The fortunate school indulged in revelries for days, the captain was borne aloft in triumph, and the cadets of the company were thenceforth marked men.

For three years Ted Rawlins had



"And those kids—they worked so hard——"

companionment of frenzied cheers, the medal was pinned on the happy captain, the red ribbons were distributed among the cadets, and the flag significant of victory was given to the color sergeant.

watched this proceeding, and since he had become a senior and captain of Company L, Northern High's exhibition company, he had dared to hope. Sometimes when his body ached from the strenuous drill-

ing of the day, he would lie in bed at night, and, closing his eyes, would see a galaxy of red ribbons, medals that glittered with incredible luster, silver sabers drawn up in an orderly row before the judges' stand.

"I want to congratulate you, my boy, on your splendid company. You've certainly made a fine showing," a judge whose usually stern face beamed, would say as he gripped Ted's hand. Ted wondered if that was what the judge really would say to the winning captain. Then, what would be correct for the captain to do—relax into a smile or look straight ahead with military precision?

Well, he thought grimly, as he clutched the strap in the crowded street car, it was hardly necessary for him to have worried about that! And to his indignation, he found himself thinking about the blunder once more.

HE REMEMBERED his ignorant tranquillity, the strange look which he had observed on the faces of one or two cadets, and the wave of horrified comprehension which had swept over him. In that moment, he realized, the weeks and months of drilling had been rendered worthless.

The crowd of girls and boys, spread like a gay coverlet over the dark green tiers of the stadium had continued its cool, rippling sound of conversation and laughter. The sphinx-like faces of the judges beneath their khaki caps had revealed nothing. And yet in that moment the whole outcome of the drill had changed. The sixty men of his company, after heart-breaking work, would suffer through his blunder.

That was the moment Ted could not forget. No one had mentioned the blunder all the afternoon, but it had been a silent torture as he watched the other companies drilling, a suppressed hope in his heart that they would exhibit some astonishing incompetency.

Now it was over. Now he could go home and hide.

The street car bumped along for endless ages. At last he was walking down the street to his house, which seemed, somehow, an asylum from thoughts of the drill. But as he strode into the hall, his mother appeared, bubbling over with eagerness.

"Ted! I didn't expect to see you home! Did you——?"

Ted shook his head, wordlessly. Then, with an astonishing energy, he ran upstairs into his room and carefully closed the door. It was as if an army of disappointed cadets were besieging him without. He felt that they filled the whole house and the street for blocks beyond, all with similar faces, like the front row of his cadets—Hallam, Smith, Ingersoll, MacSwain.

On the wall was the pennant of his school, jauntily fastened with a crossed rifles pin by one who had been sure of victory. Beside it was a snapshot of his company. He tore them down and feverishly thrust them into a drawer. Then he lay down on the bed on his back, his hands clasped beneath his head, and closed his eyes. Now—forget—— But in the darkness behind his eyelids, he felt himself overwhelmed by a sea of reproachful faces beneath blue caps.

IT SEEMED that he had been lying there a very long time, but it was in reality only fifteen minutes, when a knocking at the door broke through his semi-coma. He lay still, hoping the intruder would go away, but presently the door opened and his mother entered. She bent over him.

"Are you sick, Ted? Have you had a sunstroke?"

What a silly thing to say! His dignity required that he sit up to prevent her from babying him, and with an effort he did so. She sat down on the edge of the bed and scanned his face anxiously.

"No. I was just cut up about losing," he confessed, rather shamefacedly.

"But, Ted, almost all the boys lose. You haven't a monopoly on that."

"I know, but this is different."

"Different?"

He explained, enlarging on the technicalities for her feminine intelligence.

She was silent with sympathy and he added in a trembling voice, "And those kids—they worked so hard——"

He stared down at his hands, digging his nails into his palms in a self-inflicted torture.

"But I should think any one could have forgotten at such an exciting time," she remarked, using the stock expression of comfort habitual to mothers.

"But not a *captain!*" protested Ted, "I'm ashamed to look them in the face again."

"Nonsense! I'm sure they understand that it might just as easily have happened to them. A slip that came from knowing it too well. They know how you feel," she paused a moment. "Just go back to school and tell them."

"Oh, no!" Why, he was *never* going back.

She went firmly on.

"I don't think they would reproach you for a blunder, but they might be a little ashamed if you didn't come tonight. They might think it was a little—cowardly."



Ted gripped his hand gratefully.

"Cowardly!"

He protested against this insult. It was perfectly natural that he should not want to brave all those reproachful faces. A whole auditorium full, a dismal pretense of gayety—the thought made him sick. And yet it now appeared beyond doubt to be what he should do, because it seemed so hard. His cadet instinct told him that what seemed the hardest was usually right. To look straight ahead when one wanted to glance to right or left was the most difficult thing, and so it was correct according to military rule. The very delights of the cool white bed,

the friendly darkness, made him feel guilty. He knew in that instant that he would go back to school because he so hated to do it.

He arose from the bed, by this act indicating his decision to his mother. No doubt she approved, but all she said was, "Better wash your hands and face first."

GRATEFUL for her lack of sentimentality, he cooled his hot temples, smoothed his hair, and with a false appearance of military infallibility, set off for school.

As he approached the big building, he wondered what his cadets would say when they saw him. Nothing, of course. They would show a blunt, friendly tact. But what would they think? Did they expect him? His mind jumped from question to question. And did any one outside his own company know of his blunder? He doubted it. He would have to tell it in his speech at the rally. At the thought of the speech, he stopped. Then he cast a longing look backwards at the street stretching away into the dusk. Easy to go back the way he had come. He thought of contemptuous faces staring at him, faces that had once expressed only admiration.

An hour later, after the cadet supper, he sat on the stage of his school auditorium, stiff and nervous, choosing his words. A minute before, Dick Hawthorne, his first lieutenant, had taken him aside and whispered shamefacedly, "You don't need to say anything about—that. We haven't let on to anybody. Guess you feel bad enough."

Ted gripped his hand gratefully. But of course he did not mean to take advantage of this offer.

He was still without words as he stumbled to his feet to speak. He stood, dumb, his hands clammy, while the faces before him melted into a black stream. Then as they took shape, he saw his own company entrenched three rows deep in the front seats. Poor kids! If things had gone right, they would have been on the stage where the winning companies

always sat. Somehow, he was speaking.

"I don't mean to be conceited when I say I guess a lot of you expected Company L to win. I was just lucky to be the captain of such a good company. And they would have won—I know better than any one else how hard they worked, how much they deserved to win." He swallowed. He felt in an indefinable way the suspense of the audience.

"We had everything down pat—it seemed a sure thing—but I guess I was too sure. I got careless. I fumbled a command. It brought our score down so that we failed to place at all. But if it hadn't been for that, we would have been three-tenths of a point ahead of Company S of Southern, the winning company."

NOW it was told. A murmur of surprised comprehension passed over the audience. His cadets were staring fascinated at him.

"Officially, Southern's company is the best, but really Company L—I want to give the boys their due."

It was hardly a conclusion but he sat down in the midst of a silence almost intimidating. He wondered what they were thinking behind that silence. Digesting the fact that it was he, Ted Rawlins, their hero of the day before, who had caused Northern High its terrible disappointment? Yet somehow he felt better.

"Everybody up! A big Boom rah for Company L! Snap into it!" The cheerleaders were running upon the stage, gesticulating wildly.

"Boom rah! Boom rah!
Northern High, Rah Rah!

Northern High, Rah Rah!
L! L! L!"

The final "L" sang in the air, and the audience sank back limply. Ted had never heard a company, even a winning company, so cheered. They were trying to make it up to his boys. Suddenly Ted felt the unity between the cadets and the boys and girls who cheered them on.

Later, as he and Dick Hawthorne, boyishly silent, strode home through the cool night air, he was conscious of being, ridiculous as it seemed, happy. He could not tell why it was, but a warm glow filled him.

"It gave me a thrill to hear the school yell like that," Dick said suddenly. "But it gave me a bigger thrill to hear you tell the school about your error. You were white as a sheet, but you stuck it out. That took—nerve."

Proud that he was his captain! When he had been such a dub! But Dick's voice rang with his sincerity. And as they strode along in the dark together, in the military stride familiar to them both, Ted saw that his blunder did not matter so much. It had lost them the prize, but it was not the prize only that counted. He had believed earlier in the day that all their work had been in vain. Now he saw that the mysterious fellowship of common toil, common hope, even common disappointment, was the precious thing. It was an austere, beautiful joy, remote from the mere fact of victory or defeat. As long as he and Dick and the cadets had that, red ribbons were unimportant.

The End

Gates

By WRIGHT FIELD

SO MANY walls that hedge us round about,
So many gates, that seem to shut us out
From hidden gardens, beckoning you and me
With dreams fulfilled. Some day we'll wake to know
That every gate swings inward, lightly, so—
When we've unbarred them with Love's shining key!

“Thy Son Liveth”

History Repeats, and Ancient Miracles Become Modern Science

By Ernest C. Wilson

FAITH HEALER SAVES BOY'S LIFE

Prominent citizen declares son healed by prophet

Capernaum, Galilee—A prominent local citizen, whose son was recently given up to die, declares that the youth has been miraculously restored to health. The youth's recovery, according to his father and other members of the household, is due to the ministry of a Nazarene prophet by the name of Jesus, who, with members of his family and a company of students, visited this city recently.

The boy's father, hearing that Jesus was in Cana, went there to see him, and begged him to come and heal the boy. Jesus simply said, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." The father hurried home, and was met on the way by servants who were hurrying to tell him that his son was improving.

It was found that the boy's recovery had begun at the same hour that the prophet had spoken his assurance to the father.

Jesus, who is also called the Christ by his followers, makes some astonishing claims which threaten to change the old order of thought, but humbly declares that all men can do the same things that he does, and even greater things.

SUCH a report might have appeared in the daily papers of Capernaum, had there been any, the day after the nobleman's son had been healed by Jesus.

Reports of this nature are not infrequently seen in the press of today; reports of healing, and of other happenings equally astonishing. Recently we have grown accustomed to radio, and television, and motion pictures that talk. We fail to become excited when we pick out of the air the voice of some one who is speaking into a microphone a thousand miles away. When we learn that again some one is planning to cross the Atlantic by airplane, we simply say, "We all shall be doing it soon." This is a day of miracles, miracles which are astonishing when their explanation is offered, incredible otherwise; commonplace not because we have exhausted their wonders, but be-

cause, being surfeited with such miracles, we have ceased to wonder.

The miracles of the Bible are seen to have an affinity for these modern miracles of science. That the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt was not merely figurative or legendary, but quite possibly a literal experience, is now being advanced as a scientific possibility, of which more another time. That when Jesus made wine of water He may have employed a scientific principle of chemistry is not incredible in the light of modern experiment which transforms nauseous chemicals into perfumes that rival the flowers.

That the seers and wise men of the Bible occasionally employed known natural laws to work what were called miracles, we cannot doubt; but that they also reached beyond our modern knowledge of such laws, and even reached into the realms of spiritual forces, is equally evident. The fact that people are being healed spiritually today by conformance to methods attributed to Jesus is eloquent testimony to His knowledge of forces which transcend our present understanding.

Into the performance of these miracles, ancient and modern, enter elements of which material science has taken little account, though it is beginning to study them seriously.

It is as if these miracles, such as the healing of the sick and the raising of the dead, reach into another world for their power, a world in which faith succeeds logic, and love supplants (or fulfills) the hard laws of nature, and knowledge of the presence of God is more important than to know a thousand and one other presences that seem real; a realm in which time and space, as handicaps to the spirit, do not exist.

(Turn to page 34)

Truth in



Diane's life was dominated by fear. She was afraid to cross the roofs until—

PROBABLY every *Youth* reader who saw the Wm. Fox production, "Seventh Heaven," was impressed by the many Truth ideas that were to be found in the picture. "Seventh Heaven" is the idyllic story of Chico and Diane, and of how through finding a love for each other they found themselves as well. Chico, who called himself an atheist, found faith in God; and Diane, who was afraid of life, found courage. The motion picture version of "Seventh Heaven" was adapted from the play by Austin Strong, and although in many respects the picture is even more satisfying than the play, many of the fine lines of the original production had to be abbreviated or omitted altogether in the film version.

The spirit of the play, and of the picture, is suggested in the following dialogue:

Chico. Ha, ha! Who would have thought three days ago, when I was in the sewer, that I would have the hose, a wife, and money enough to pay for tax-



"The King of Kings" is a most reverent and beautiful portrayal of the life of the Christ.

the Movies

icabs for all our wedding guests? Boul says it is because I lighted those three candles to the *Bon Dieu!* As if fifteen francs' worth of candles—ha, ha!

Diane. It must have been some sort of *Bon Dieu* that brought you to me!

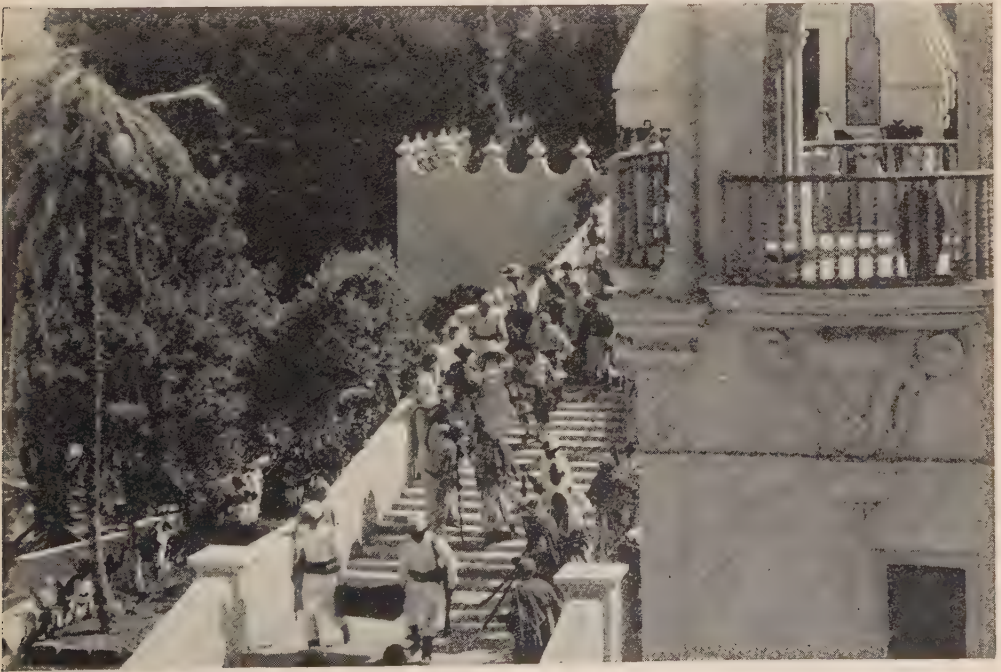
Chico. It's all simple enough. It's what you put inside of you, *the idea*, that makes you what you are.

Diane. The idea?

Chico. Yes, that is my religion. Put fear and trouble inside of you, and it is just as if you put garlic and vanilla *parfait* into your stomach. The result is the same—stomach ache! Look at Maximilian Gobin! It is easy to see the *idea* he has put inside of him! *imitating Gobin's walk and curling imaginary mustachios.*) Maximilian Gobin—you are only you—while *I* am Maximilian Gobin! No one can hide *his* idea. *(To Diane)* Yours is fear. The very name of Nana [her sister] frightens you. *(Diane shudders. Chico gets down on his haunches; leans over her)* That must not be. You must put the *idea*, "Courage," inside of you!



Chico, and love, taught her that the idea of courage, held closely to her heart, would make her brave.



The miracle of healing by faith plays an important part in the story of "The Gaucho."

Diane. Inside of me? You think you can eat courage with a spoon?

Chico. Child, it is so simple that every one laughs and calls it foolish! Listen to me! You get the *idea* you want—like the word “courage” (*bangs his forehead with his closed fist*) and then like a bulldog you hang on, and never, *never* let go! Oh, it isn’t easy. You will get bumps and blows, but hang on to “courage” and by and by you will astonish yourself! You will *be* that word—you will be courageous. That is why I am a remarkable fellow and astonish myself with what I am—because I know I can *make* what I am. That is why I am an atheist. That is why I know there is no *Bon Dieu*.

BECAUSE Chico was a very remarkable fellow, however, he could not remain an atheist, but, reunited with his beloved Diane after the war, in which he was blinded, he says to her:

“Ah, *Cherie!* My eyes are still filled with you! It is all true. And I thought the *Bon Dieu* had failed me! He has not, Bebe! At the hospital they thought I was dead. But when I returned to consciousness . . . and they told me I was in Paris—near *you!* Snake of Snakes, they *couldn’t* hold me. . . . Death? Bah! I’ve been hit by every shell that’s made—but nothing can kill me! I shall never die! And I’ll *see!* They can’t keep me blind! . . . Because it’s all true, *Cherie*—those big thoughts I had were the *Bon Dieu*, after all—He is within us. Now that I am blind, I see that. I tell you I am a very remarkable fellow.”

WE ARE told that Douglas Fairbanks invariably builds his productions around some worthwhile ideal, such as “Happiness must be earned,” in “The Thief of Bagdad.” Truth students undoubtedly were impressed by the scenes which depict divine healing in Mr. Fairbanks’ more recent picture, “The Gaucho.” And by the way, did you

recognize Mary Pickford as the Madonna of the vision?

Herbert Brenon’s “Beau Geste,” the film which was adapted from P. C. Wren’s novel of the same name, while it adheres to a Truth ideal less definitely than the other pictures mentioned, nevertheless has for its central theme an ideal which Truth students generally would applaud, that of brother love.

Cecil B. DeMille’s “The King of Kings,” which portrays with great reverence and beauty the story of the life of the Christ, has an especial message for all who view it with the teachings of Unity in mind. Presented as the climax to this unusual film, the assurance of the Christ gains new emphasis for us, “Lo, I am with you always.”

ALTHOUGH the dominant note of sadness in Murnau’s Fox production, “Four Sons,” allows it only a dubious claim to the applause of Truth students, it will, nevertheless, be gratefully received by all who see in it a plea for universal peace. This may be said also for “The Enemy,” “The Big Parade,” “Wings,” and some of the many other pictures inspired by the world war.

In the tremendous output of the motion picture companies, there are many productions which emphasize crime and other destructive elements. The Truth student finds it difficult to view them with favor or enjoyment. Happily, however, there are also many productions of great beauty and spiritual value, and while they can seldom be unqualifiedly endorsed as Truth pictures (it must be borne in mind that they are not intended to be) nevertheless Truth students will find much inspiration in them. We are grateful for the high vision and high ideals of the directors, producers, actors, and others who are helping to make motion pictures the splendid educational and inspirational medium which, at their best, they truly are.

Next Month

Written especially for *Youth*, an article by
Charles Fillmore

The Tenth Man

Do Young People Pray?

When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people.

THOSE who think that Truth is helpful only in nervous troubles and imaginary physical ills will be interested in reading the experience of one of our readers who found it helpful in healing a broken nose. That the nose actually was broken there can be no doubt, as this Tenth Man's testimony amply testifies; and his testimony is backed up by that of the other young men who were with him when the accident happened.

He writes: "With the passing of the seasonal summer sports, swimming, tennis, and golf, some of us took to playing football. Perhaps I should say that we took to playing with a football since there weren't enough of us for regular teams. One evening as the playing was becoming fast and exciting, R. and I both tackled D. at the same time and met in a head-on collision. R's head proved to be much harder than my nose, with the result that quite a deep gash was laid open just below the center of my nose, and just to the right and above this cut the broken bone pierced the skin. Upon realizing that the bone was broken, the first thing I did was to push and pull at it. I hoped to get it back into place and as nearly straight as possible before my nose should start to swell very much, as I expected it would do, for I certainly received a hard blow. After standing and walking around for what was probably a few minutes, without thinking or saying much of anything as nearly as I can recall, some one finally said that I ought to get a doctor as soon as possible to make sure that the bone was set properly. Then I spoke up.

"'Fellows,' I said, 'we believe in the healing power of the Christ within, and I don't see any reason why my nose cannot be healed just as well as anything else can be. Let's get together and pray about it.' With hands on one another's shoulders, we huddled together in a little

group and prayed. Our words, as nearly as I can now recall them, were: 'Father, we do believe in the healing power of Christ. We believe that Jesus Christ is here in our midst at this moment, and we know that He can and will heal this broken nose. We declare, in the name of Jesus Christ, that it is now being made perfect.' These words, or similar ones, were again audibly repeated, and then, 'Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast heard us, and we know that Thou hearest us always.'

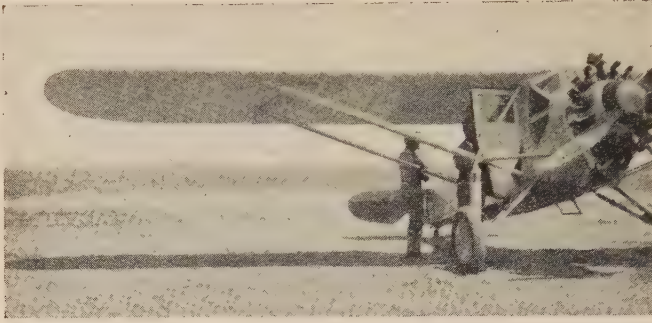
"THE nose did not quit bleeding immediately, nor for quite a long time afterwards, nor was its perfection visible to the eye of flesh. However, aside from washing it with clear water, as little attention as possible was given it thereafter, and when I did consciously think of it I kept telling myself that it was being healed and made perfect through the power of Jesus Christ.

"Had it not been for the two places where the skin was broken, it is doubtful if any one would have noticed the next morning that anything had happened to the nose. Although it was the least bit discolored and slightly swollen, it was not enough so to have attracted the attention of any one who did not know of the accident. Within six days the bruises had completely disappeared, and now my nose is as nearly perfect as ever it was.

"I might add that at first the boys were somewhat doubtful as to the nose actually being broken, (the bruise where the bone came through was not visible at first on account of the blood that covered it) so I wiggled it for them, and asked them to try it themselves. R. did, and found that there was no mistake about it, as of course I already knew.

"You might ask R. and D. how this checks up with their view of the affair."
—E. M.

Pictures Stories



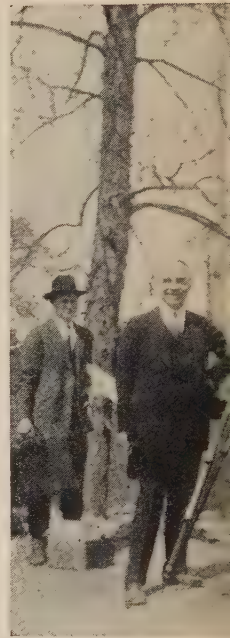
BELIEVE it or not, the chap standing in the shadow of the door of this Ryan monoplane is the editor of *Youth*. The picture was taken on a flight from San Diego, Calif., to Kansas City, Mo., while the plane was being re-fueled at the Tucson, Ariz., airport. The plane, a sister ship to the "Spirit of St. Louis," made the trip of about 2,000 miles in a little more than twenty hours of actual flying time. Herbert Fahy was the pilot.



YOUTH, acknowledged leader in athletic and scholastic feats, also has its champions in other types of contests; witness Miss Birdie Reeves, nineteen year old Missourian, who challenged and played to a draw J. Russell Young, newspaperman, and acknowledged chess champion of the executive offices of the White house.



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD PHOTO



MOTION picture part in the "Sandsy's Rebegins in this Hunting, author while editor standing (left scenes at Un Hunting has with the motion picture production companies. They raised is Rick and Myrtle Fings have appeared in magazine, and in

at Tell



NEAR EAST RELIEF PHOTO

OLD sweaters and other discarded clothing supplied through a relief organization, have been made into beautiful rugs whose value totals \$1,000,000, by Near East orphans who presented President Coolidge with one of the rugs, as shown in the illustration above. There should be inspiration for many of us in this ability to transform waste material into objects of beauty and usefulness, the inspiration to find in our own lives value in something which we have thought to be valueless.



BELOW, we present photographic evidence of an unusual and decorative friendship.



HENRY CHAS. SUTER PHOTO

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Grin Stretchers

One Or the Other

The passengers in the big car speeding toward the railroad crossing began arguing whether or not they could beat the train.

"Don't get excited," said the driver, "I can easily make it."

"And I say you can't," shouted the front-seat passenger. "The train will beat us by twenty seconds."

"Gwan!" said the driver, who kept increasing his speed while the argument continued.

Finally a passenger in the rear seat, who had said nothing so far, remarked as he clutched the sides of the rushing car. "For my part, I don't care a hang who wins this race, but I hope it won't be a tie."—*Boston Transcript*.

Not Her Fault

A little girl after being punished many times by her mother, said: "You heard me say my prayers last night, didn't you, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you heard me ask God to make me a good girl?"

"Yes."

"Well, He ain't done it."

"My Country, 'Tis—"

The Polt—"To live in the country one has to have a soul."

The Lady—"Or a car."—*Punch*.

Words Are Inadequate

Professor (to his old cook)—"You have now been in my service for twenty-five years. As a reward for your true and faithful service, I am naming a new bacterium after you."—*Klods Hans (Copenhagen)*.

—And Don't Rush

"Don't be afraid," said an aviator to a timid passenger. "All you have to do is to sit quiet."

"I know all about that," retorted the passenger. "But suppose something happens and we begin to fall?"

"Oh, in that case," the aviator reassured him, "you are to grasp the first solid thing we pass, and hold tight."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Ahead of Science

A medical authority recommends the eating of semi-raw potatoes. Our cook has insisted on this for years.—*The Passing Show*.

A Sound Sleep

Mother—"Bobbie, is grandmother asleep?"

Bobbie—"Yes, all except her nose."—*Pathfinder*.

Reduced Circumstances

"Dear Auntie, every time I go out I eat so much that I am really too fat. What can I do to reduce?"

Auntie—"Try going out with college boys."—*Columns*.

Sin-cerely

This story is related by a person connected with the White House:

One Sunday after the President had returned from church, where he had gone alone, Mrs. Coolidge inquired:

"Was the sermon good?"

"Yes," he answered.

"What was it about?"

"Sin."

"What did the minister say?"

"He was against it."—*The Pathfinder*.

The Pre-gasoline Era

Prof—"And where was Sheridan when he took his famous twenty mile ride?"

Frosh—"On a horse."

Broadminded, Probably

The enthusiastic girl was thrilled when she was introduced to the famous author at a dinner party. She lost no time in starting a conversation and letting him know that she was one of the keenest admirers of his latest book.

"You have no idea how very helpful I have found it, Mr. Brain!" she gushed.

"Indeed," replied the author. "In what way, may I ask?"

"Oh, it has taught me to concentrate."

"To concentrate? That's very nice. Now tell me, what are you concentrating on at the present time?" asked the author.

"Oh," replied the girl, "lots and lots of things!"—*Boston Globe*.

Thought Stretchers

Brothers All

THE same Power formed the sparrow
That fashioned man, the king;
The God of the whole gave a living soul
To each furred and feathered thing.

And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight;
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A World That Walks by Faith

AS WE contemplate the past ten years, there is every reason to be encouraged. It has been a period in which human freedom has been greatly extended, in which the right of self-government has come to be more widely recognized. Strong foundations have been laid for the support of these principles. We should by no means be discouraged because practice lags behind principle. We make progress slowly and over a course which can tolerate no open spaces. It is a long distance from a world that walks by force to a world that walks by faith. The United States has been so placed that it could advance with little interruption along the road of freedom and faith.

It is befitting that we should pursue our course without exultation, with due humility, and with due gratitude for the important contributions of the more ancient nations which have helped to make possible our present progress and our future hope. The gravest responsibilities that can come to a people in this world have come to us. We must not fail to meet them in accordance with the requirements of conscience and righteousness.—*President Coolidge.*

Thou Shalt Know

WHEN the night is hopeless quite,
Close thine eyes—there shall be light;
When thou knowest not how to go,
Pause—and pray—and thou shalt know.
—*Thomas C. Clark.*

Obedience

YOUR Real Self will guide you to do the right thing each moment of the time. You should be passive to its guid-

ance and let it move and guide you in everything that you do. Within your Real Self is all wisdom, knowledge and power. You should let those attributes flow unobstructedly through you into expression. Your Real Self should freely manifest through you in all ways. Your Higher or Real Self and your lower self are united in One Self; there is no separation. The inner and the outer are united in one complete whole, the outer, objective appearance proceeding from the inner cause and projector. You are Cause. You produce effects through your own volition. The effects which you produce are yours and you are responsible for them. When guided by the inner Wisdom, you will express good only and the results will be beneficial; hence, you should let that Wisdom guide you in your every act.

If you are guided by your Higher (Real) Self and will not yield to error, everything will be made right in your life and affairs. Therefore you should be obedient to its guidance. You will be.—*Florence Willard Day.*

Begin Anew

Do not be disturbed because of your imperfections and always rise up bravely from a fall.—*Francis de Sales.*

Fire from Heaven

A Writer's Prayer

By WRIGHT FIELD

AS I write,
I would that my pen
Were a little lighted taper,
And that I might go about
Setting fire to men's hearts.
What if I ignite
Only a small candle
In most of them,
Banishing darkness
From their own House of Life?
Then were I well repaid . . .
But—who knows?
Somewhere it may be given me
To start a conflagration
That may light the world!

Sandsy's Rebellion

(Continued from page 7)

once when I couldn't stick it, and had to come away.

Mr. Pryor is a tall man, with what's called a sandy complexion. He has light red hair and sharp gray eyes. His face is full of color always—florid is the word. He is very dignified—stands and walks as stiff as a steel fish rod. I've heard that if you want to look dignified you should keep your chin set on your collar; and I always thought Mr. Pryor had that rule. He squints his eyes to look very keen and shrewd; you can see that he does. He is always trying to put over the idea that nothing ever gets by him. I used to wonder if he thought none of the fellows were wise to him. Most of them called him Old Pryor; and then Old Pry, because he had a way of quizzing, in class and out, about things that were none of his business—things that hadn't anything to do with the subjects we were studying—and a way of gumshoeing around and coming up behind you to overhear what you were talking about. And he prides himself on being sarcastic.

He panned me, before the whole school in assembly one day. He was talking about some matter of discipline or something, and I was listening, I guess, as much as anybody, but I was marking on the edge of my algebra and not looking at him, when he suddenly stopped, and then started in on me.

"Of course," he said, "young Sands is not interested in this."

I sat up, quick, and got what he meant in a second. And my face grew hot, and I knew I was blushing. I hate to blush, too; it makes me feel like a fool. Some of the gang laughed a little, and that made him go on. That's the kind he is.

"Young Sands," he said, "is a very smart young man, a clever young man. He doesn't need the inspiration that most of us need. He is so well endowed, and well instructed, and well bred that he can use the periods we give to matters of discipline for the indulgence of his artistic talents."

There was another laugh at that, because I was still holding my book and pencil so that they showed what I had been doing.

"It's important also, of course," he went on, "that our books should be appropriately decorated. Sands realizes that, and he is doing his best to set us all an admirable example. Still he has the advantage of us in being able to devote time to it. That's where he is fortunate, in being already familiar with the things which most of us come to school to learn. Not many of us have homes equal to young Sands' home. We haven't position and advantages to start with. It's a very nice thing to be a rich man's son—a famous man's son. Robert Sands is to be envied."

Probably I am not repeating exactly what he said. Some of the sentences I remember exactly. But this is about what he said, and it wasn't more than a minute before I was blazing mad. Of course I knew well enough that I probably shouldn't have been marking up my book, and that I ought to have been paying attention to him; but when Pryor began to ride me like that, it made me hot. It was just the same as if he said, "Young Sands feels himself superior because his father is rich and famous."

MY DAD is rich, and he is famous.

At least, he is known all over the world for the engineering things he does, and I'll say I'm proud of that—and of him, too. But I never meant to get set up myself about it. Dad would be the first one to sit on me if I did. It's easy for a fellow to get cocky over things like that, even when he doesn't realize it, and I knew that Pryor must think I was. I began to wonder if his coming after me suddenly like this was just a sort of bursting out of what he thought all the time; and I realized that, if he thought it, probably other people did. Maybe they thought I was a snob. I thought most of the fellows liked me. I was president of my class and captain of the football team—and editor of the school paper, and things like that; and that was some evidence. I knew that I liked to feel that we had money and things, and that Dad was important, and thinking about these things made me sit still and take what Pryor said. Sometimes, since, I've thought I ought to have gotten up and

walked out of assembly at the start. Maybe it would have been better if I had done that.

Pryor went on. "We're very proud, all of us, to have young Sands in our midst. A leader in sports, an example of deportment and industry, a model of conduct, we are proud of him; and we are glad to accord him all the privileges he is disposed to claim. Thoroughbred, gentleman, scholar, football star! Scion of Hazelhurst's aristocracy! I am not sure that he is not a little out of place among us. I am sure that none of us would think that he should stay among us if he feels that such association handicaps him or cramps his style."

If he had called me an egotistical ass, in so many words, I wouldn't have been half so sore, and it wouldn't have made me despise him so much. Maybe somebody will read this who will think I am exaggerating, and that no high school principal would say such things before the school. If so, then you don't know. Anyhow, you don't know Pryor, and one of the things I want to get into this story is that just because a man or a woman occupies a position that should command respect it's no sign that they do command the respect of the younger generation. And whose fault is it? The older generation blames the younger generation—according to the magazine writers and the lecturers. Larry calls them the O. G. and the Y. G., only he always says the initials so that they sound like "Oh, gee!" and "Why, gee!"

But respect is something that has to be commanded, Dad says. I guess it's Ralph Waldo Emerson who says something like that. I know he says that you can't insult anybody who isn't insultable. So I say you can't respect anybody who isn't respectable. And I think that if principals—or dads either—don't get respect from the Y. G., it's their

own fault. (I expect somebody'll hop on to me for saying that. But wait till I get through.) I think the gang respects honest-to-Pete people, always. Why, you can't help it!

WELL, I sat there, red as a lobster, and feeling like one. I was mad enough to fight, and ashamed enough to hide. I knew Pryor hadn't any right to talk like that to anybody, whether it was to me or some one else. I was dead sure my dad would O. K. that. But I didn't know what I ought to do. I was ashamed to sit still and take it; but I guess I would have done that, if it hadn't been for Larry.

Larry was sitting beside me. He gets mad quick, Larry does. But he never gets madder than when he thinks somebody is trying to put something over on me. I was sitting there, my face red hot, and feeling simply rotten, with everybody looking at me, some grinning, and some wondering because I didn't answer, when all at once I felt Larry get up to his feet. And I looked up to see him standing there, straight and still. He glanced down at me, and there was a glitter in those red eyes of his. When Larry looks like that, he's dangerous. He tossed up his head and turned to Pryor.

"If I were you," he said. "I'd chop that stuff!"

Well, the room went as still as if it were empty. For a second nobody seemed to breathe. It was something

to come out like that at all and call the principal for anything he said; but you could feel how mad Larry was. If Pryor had been in reach, it wouldn't have surprised me any if Larry had punched him in the nose. I suppose that sounds fierce to say, but I'm trying to write what we think, and believe me, feeling as I did just then, I could get a kick out of the idea of a fight—even if it should be disgraceful, as anybody would call it.

The big thing in my mind was the



Larry lives with me.

fact that Larry had jumped into the thing for me. I loved that in him. At the same time, I didn't want him to go too far, for two reasons. First, if it was a scrap, it was my scrap. Second, Larry was likely to carry it to the limit, once he started, particularly *because* it was mine. He doesn't lose his head and fight at random when he fights. But, believe me, he fights!—and he doesn't quit till somebody has had plenty. And I never saw *him* get plenty.

The room went dead still. Pryor plainly was taken by complete surprise. It occurred to me afterwards that he was rather sure that I wouldn't resent openly what he said, because I'd think it wasn't a thing I could do, and that he could get away with it; but he didn't figure on Larry. After a minute in which he sort of gasped at Larry, he settled his chin on his collar, got dignified, and squinted his eyes.

"Oh, you think I should refrain from praising Sands in his presence, do you, young Start?"

"You're not praising Sandsy," Larry said. He and the other fellows who know me best always call me Sandsy.

"No?" Pryor said, with that question-mark sound that makes it insulting—like a sneer. "Surely you do not suspect me of sarcasm?"

"I don't know what you call it," Larry answered. "But I'd cut it out, if I were you."

PRYOR thought it was time to assert his authority. "Sit down, Start," he said. "I'm talking to Robert Sands."

"I heard you," said Larry, "but I'm talking to *you*. Bob's too decent to get up and tell you what he thinks of you. But me—I haven't got the least objection in the world. I'd just as soon tell you what I think of you as to listen to what you think of Sandsy!"

I reached up and took hold of Larry's arm. But he paid no attention to me. Pryor went on.

"That will do, sir!" he called out, with his usual attempt at impressive tones.

"Oh, no, it won't!" said Larry. "You've started something. You've had your little say. Now it's my innings. I don't know any reason why you have a right to hand out the line of stuff you've started, unless you give me—or the rest of us—the same right. Even if you *are*

the principal of this school, and a model of dignity, and honor, and discretion, and are hired to teach this gang how to be gentlemen!"

Pryor got the echo of his own words. He turned fiery red now. He suddenly pointed his finger at Larry.

"Leave the room!" he shouted at Larry. "I'll see you in my office!"

"I'll leave the room when I've said all I've got to say, you big stiff!" Larry said.

I was sorry he said that. But, man, it thrilled me, too. No use to pretend it didn't. Probably everybody would say it was bad enough to answer back to the principal at all, and calling names was rough stuff, but I guess I wasn't cool enough to see all the rights of it then. I just thought it was up to me to do something. I had to show Larry that I wouldn't leave him to make a lone fight for me, because I didn't dare; and I had to keep him from making the thing too serious. I ought to have known that, sore as I was, I might a lot better have kept my mouth shut, so far as Pryor was concerned. When you're mad, and start to talk, you sure make a fool of yourself, and I knew that well enough, but when you're mad, you don't care. Wait till I tell you what Brook Carrington says about that!

Well, I got up beside Larry. "Chop it, Larry," I said. Then I looked at Pryor; and I wanted to say something that would cut him wide open. I wanted to hand him as much as he had given me, something that would take the skin off. I wanted to make the school think I had, too! There's where that thing always comes in—what you want people to think. But I didn't know enough to realize that that was not the thing to think about. I wanted the gang to be back of me, and I was pretty sure they would be if I could make a clever answer to Pryor.

"When Larry leaves the room," I said, "so will I; and if you've got something more to say, maybe you'd better say it to us in your office—if you value your standing before the school."

Well, this was like declaring war, of course. Again everybody held their breath. Then, suddenly, a whole bunch of the fellows began to yell. That was the last thing I'd expected. They let out a regular tiger!

To tell the real truth, I didn't see that

I'd said much of anything smart. But when they yelled, I thought I must have. I had meant to go on and try to give Pryor a little sarcasm, too—maybe hit a funny line that would make them all laugh; but when they yelled, I guessed it was enough. Of course it was because they all felt that Pryor was in the wrong, and because they didn't like him anyway, that they shouted, and not so much because of what I had said. I could imagine my dad hearing me say what I'd said, and I knew he wouldn't think much of it; but I was in—and I had to go on. That's what happens when you open your mouth.

"What is this?" Pryor demanded suddenly. "Open rebellion? Do you think your distinguished father will support you in this, Sands?"

"Do you think the school board will support you in talking to any student as you did just now to me?" I asked him.

"If you think your father's influence will shield you in anything you choose to do, young man, you're making a sad mistake."

"My father is in Yucatan, and you know it!" I told him, because that seemed to me what he was counting on. "If he were at home you wouldn't dare say to me what you've said this morning."

"That is exactly what you count on. I'm glad you admit it. We shall have plenty of witnesses."

Witnesses! Of course, that suggested all sorts of things—and one of them was that he meant to carry this to the limit. It made me pretty sick for a minute. Not because I was afraid of him; but if there was one thing I wanted to do, it was to keep out of a mess while my father *was* away.

Pryor seemed to grasp at a sign that I was scared.

"Oh!" he said. "You begin to realize your position, do you? Now you may both go. Wait for me in my office."

THE little sound of triumph in his voice, as if he knew he had us and could do as he liked with us, made me sorer than ever. And before I realized all it might mean, I said, "Wait nothing! If you think you can finish what you've started, go ahead and finish it. We'll go home!"

"Take your choice," he answered quickly. "You may find it difficult to come back."

"You may find that we don't want to—and you may find it hard to explain why," I said, and I felt smart, as all the school laughed.

In next month's installment of "Sandsy's Rebellion" Sandsy and Larry visit Brook Carrington, and he introduces them to the mysterious "Look-see" that he says will always tell them when they are "kidding" themselves. And the Hazelhurst paper comes out with Sandsy's red hot editorial—and more consequences.

The Way of Light

By Minnie E. Feltman

I WAS coming down the stairs leading from the elevated railroad. Looking ahead I could see a row of large lights. It was a dark night and these lights seemed very bright. As I looked to the right and the left I could see only darkness, and fear of all the danger lurking around me entered my thoughts. Again I looked to the comforting light. Fear disappeared as I watched the light just ahead of me. As I passed it the next light became my goal. I walked rapidly, not looking to right or left. The road seemed bright and I made good progress. This small occurrence brought

a wonderful lesson to my mind when I reviewed it after getting home.

How bright the way seems as I constantly look for the light ahead of me, passing one lamp post after another as I follow the light of Truth.

The darkness lurking all around is ignored, for my eyes are on the light. I cannot stand still for there is darkness between lamp-posts, but as I go on, joy fills my heart. So I go from one lamp-post to another till eventually I reach the goal—home, peace, comfort, rest, where all is light and darkness cannot enter.

The Four Mistakes

Proving That Mistakes Can Be Corrected

By Neil T. McMillan

This story began in the November, 1928, issue of Youth magazine.

Part IV

COACH Charlie led his team to the dressing room and helped the trainers in doctoring bruises. Not until time was almost up did he stand in the center of the room and give his "between halves" talk. He was very, very solemn.

"Boys, you're the gamest bunch I have ever seen. Not one of you is a star, but together you're a team. Three times they've pushed you back and couldn't score. If you lose I'll resign happy for I'll know in my own mind that I succeeded in doing part of what I wanted to do; but win or lose you're a team to be proud of."

He looked around the room and smiled.

"Go back in and do your best; that's all any coach could ask."

With a heavy heart he led his team back to the field. He knew what would happen when the two teams met for the second half. His boys were so loyal it would be heart-rending to see them beaten. Under the goad of a terrible tongue lashing that he felt certain the Aggie coach had given his team, the big backs would literally tear his light, tired team to bits.

Asheville and the Aggies lined up; Asheville to kick off, Aggies to receive. The referee's whistle sounded. Freeman kicked off.

Instantly a green hurricane swept into the Asheville team and the Aggie quarterback, with the ball, twisted, dodged, and smashed his way until he was only thirty yards from scoring. Only Dawson was in his way. In utter contempt he charged at the little fellow in a deliberate attempt to hurl him out of the way. But Dawson, quick as a cat, side-stepped and dived at the Aggie heels. The two went down together.

The Aggie players raced to their positions. They shifted in a flash. They charged. The Asheville line crumpled as if made of paper. The backfield was

swept away. Again Dawson stopped the runner, but fifteen yards had been gained by the Aggies.

Again the Aggie team jumped into position. Again they charged and like a green flood surged over the light Asheville team and scored.

The Aggie rooters across the field from Coach Charlie screamed in happiness. The Asheville stands behind him were silent. He felt many eyes upon him, eyes that were narrowed in hatred. He fingered the resignation in his pocket and a lump came in his throat. Those brave boys out there had tried hard to prevent his resignation. He was more sorry for them than for himself.

He expected them to be disheartened and beaten. But they fought like wild cats when Aggies tried for the one point after touchdown and concentrated all of their force on preventing the kick. The instant the Aggie center moved the ball they fought their way to the Aggie full-back and so hurried him that the ball flew wide of the mark. The score was Aggies 6—Asheville 0.

Coach Charlie forgot his pessimism in spite of the score when Aggies kicked off to Asheville. Working like the machine he had tried to make it, his team started a march that was almost as consistent as any its rival had made.

But gradually the gains shortened as the boys tired and when thirty-five yards from the goal line they were held for three downs. With five yards to go to make first down the quarter ended.

The teams changed positions and Freeman kicked across the goal line. The ball was brought out to the twenty-yard line and Aggies began again to march down the field. Then it was that Coach Charlie swelled with pride. Asheville contested every inch. The score was against his players and likely to remain so. They were tired to the point of exhaustion but yet they fought and fought.

The big green team was slow and confident now and did not rush. In fact

Coach Charlie suspected that the quarterback was deliberately using up time to leave the score six points in the Aggie favor when the game should end.

There were only three minutes to play when the Aggies got "first down" on the twelve yard line. They made a heavy rush, went through the line, crashed into the secondary line of defense and stopped. But Wilson, Asheville halfback, did not get up when the referee's whistle blew. He had given everything he had. He was literally too tired to rise.

"McBride!" Coach Charlie called.

"Yes, sir."

"Go in and take Wilson's place. Oh, how I wish you were heavier."

Wilson was helped to the sidelines as McBride ran to his place. Coach Charlie shook his head. The excited blonde youth was dancing in his position.

The Aggie team huddled for signals, sprang into position and shifted. McBride charged. The ball moved but the alert Aggie quarterback only made a feint at running. He had seen that McBride was "offside."

The resulting penalty cut the required distance to the goal in half. Again the Aggies shifted and again the excited McBride charged before the ball was snapped. The distance to another Aggie touchdown was cut to two and a half yards, by the penalty the referee was forced to administer.

Coach Charlie could see that McBride was crying in anguish over what his acts had cost his team. Freeman went to him, patted him on the back and turned to the red team. The Asheville players braced for one last magnificent stand.

Behind Coach Charlie, the rooters, in spite of their belief that their team was beaten were cheering with a steady chant that had in it a note of despair. Across the field Aggie supporters were already leaving the stands as if the game was over.

Three times the big green team charged and stopped. The fourth time, with only a yard to go, the red team seemed to find a hidden reserve strength and outcharged. The huge Aggie fullback sped forward but stopped with a jolt. It was Asheville's ball!

Coach Charlie saw his players take punt formation. The field grew quiet. He could hear Dawson calling signals. The coach's eyes shone. There was cour-

age in that small body. The diminutive quarterback was calling for the trick play, risking another Aggie score on its failure.

Freeman stood ten yards behind his own goal line and stretched out his arms. His hands opened. The center shot the ball back to him. There was a hurried scramble in which actual movements were hidden. For an agonizing second, Coach Charlie believed the play had failed. Then two flashes of red shot out from the mass of bodies, Freeman, running with all of his strength and McBride trotting easily behind him. Only the Aggie safety man was ahead of them. Behind them, two Aggie players turned and gave chase. The Asheville rooters suddenly found their tongues and screamed encouragement.

The Aggie quarterback ran in to tackle. Freeman dived at him. The Aggie hurdled. McBride dodged. The movement allowed the two behind to come close. McBride hunched his back like a greyhound, dug in his toes and streaked for the far away goal line.

Two yards separated him from his pursuers. The distance widened to three, to four, to seven, to ten. The Aggie rooters yelled. The Asheville stand went wild with high pitched screams. McBride lengthened the distance to fifteen yards.

McBride crossed the goal line and touched the ball to the ground. Coach Charlie could see a grin of happiness on the face of the youth whose earlier actions had so nearly cost his team a score.

It was a rejuvenated, determined Asheville team that lined up to try for the extra point, the point that would win the game. It was a cool Freeman that calmly received the ball from his center, refused to be hurried and drop-kicked neatly between the goal posts. While the ball was still in the air, the time-keeper's pistol announced the end of the game. It was a deliriously happy crowd of students that spilled from the Asheville stands and rushed out on the field to bring the tired team to the sidelines on their shoulders.

Coach Charlie drew a paper from his pocket, tore it to bits and, reaching over the railing behind him, dropped them into Mr. McCallum's hand.

"Here is my resignation, sir."

To his surprise, the elder McCal-

lum caught his hand and shook it.

"That's the only way I want it, Morton. You've made a team that can fight."

STUDENT opinion, like public opinion, is a fickle thing. Today Coach Charlie Morton of Asheville was popular. A week before he had been the target for

met him everywhere, but he was worried. His light team had been terribly battered in that game with the Aggies. The next game would be more difficult to win, might even be lost, and then the pendulum of opinion would swing the other way.

He walked alone on the campus in the darkness. He needed those boys whom



A sack was roughly pushed over his head.

slurs, biting criticism, and insults. He had been asked to resign, had been forced to promise to quit if the team from which he had lost eight regulars should lose when it played the Aggies. Defeat had seemed certain but the loyal players who remained had won the game by the scant margin of one point in the last minute of play.

Now he was admired. He had built a team for Asheville of which the school could be proud. Smiles and hand clasps

he had ordered to turn in their suits, needed them badly; but for their good, his own good, and the good of Asheville he could not afford to ask them back. They would still be the arrogant, disobedient youths they had been before. They would make the same mistakes, mistakes that would probably recur with them for life. Weston would play dirty, Clark would refuse help and leave his interference, McCallum would not cooperate with those he believed to be below

him in the social scale, and Jenkins would be selfish and carry the ball himself when close to a score.

"Oh, I wish," Coach Charlie said aloud, "that I could find some way to turn those four mistakes into virtues. Weston, Clark, McCallum, Jenkins. Cruelty, Egotism, False Pride, and Selfishness. Oh, if they would only be just one thing, Loyalty. How? How?"

He walked for an hour without solving the problem, and turned back toward the dormitory and his room. It was late. Only a few windows were lighted on the campus. There was no moon. He breathed deeply of the cold night air and forced problems of human nature from his mind.

His brisk walk carried him rapidly to the dormitory. He turned a corner in the path. He thought he heard a noise in the bushes behind him. He stopped.

"All right, get him," a hoarse voice said, "Sack the beaver."

It was all the warning that Coach Charlie had. Instinctively he crouched. Four figures leaped out of the shadows. He went down under the impact of charging bodies. Clutching hands grasped his arms. A live weight fell across his legs. His hat was jammed over his eyes. A sack was roughly pushed over his head.

Righteous anger flooded him and he fought. By squirming and twisting and throwing all of his strength into one arm he wrenched it loose. With his free hand he grasped the coat of the assailant who clutched his other arm, and hurled him away. With both hands he jerked the sack from his head. He sat up.

Immediately he was knocked flat again by returning assailants. He jerked his feet free, twisted to a shoulder, and rose to his knees with two of his foes on his back.

He could have shouted for help but he wouldn't. Silent, except for deep, open-mouthed breathing, he and his assailants fought out from the shadow of the dormitory, crashed through the bushes at the side of the path and out on the lawn of the campus. There he went down again.

For the space of minutes he struggled on his back, but gradually superior weight and numbers, combined with his own weariness, conquered him and he lay gasping for breath with his arms

and legs pinioned. A rope was thrown about his ankles and drawn tight. His hands were forced together.

THE door of the building opened and light flooded the group.

"What's going on, here?" a voice asked.

"It's Freeman," one of Coach Charlie's assailants whispered. "Let's get him, too."

Coach Charlie knew that Freeman, coming out of the light, would be blinded by the gloom.

"Look out," he yelled in warning as two of his kidnapers left him. "They're coming after you."

"Coach!" Freeman shouted in recognition and jumped over the heads of the two who ran crouching up the steps. Coach Charlie heard his feet land in the gravel of the path. The next instant the two who were still holding him were hurled aside as the young football player crashed into them.

In a second, Coach Charlie released his feet and stood up. His tormentors were fleeing. But Freeman made a flying tackle at the hindmost and brought him down. Before the coach could get to them the two were on their feet. He heard a blow struck, and a grunt.

"Oh, you would, would you?" Freeman said in a hoarse whisper. "Hit me, would you?"

There was a sharp sound of bone meeting bone just as the coach reached them. One went down.

"Are you hurt, Coach?" It was Freeman asking.

"No," Coach Charlie replied, "just messed up a little. But what have you done?"

"He started hitting me and—and I guess he's out," Freeman answered.

Lights were beginning to come on in the dormitory windows. Voices were calling.

"Quick," Coach Charlie panted, "take his shoulders. I'll take his feet. Take the back way. We'll get him to my room."

Together, and unobserved, the two carried the senseless body through the rear door, up the back stairs and into Coach Charlie's room. They laid the youth on the bed and Freeman untied the handkerchief that was around the face.

"McCallum!" he said in surprise.

"Yes," Coach Charlie nodded, "I thought so. The other three must have been Weston, Clark, and Jenkins. The Four Mistakes!"

"The Four Cowards you mean," Freeman said with heat in his voice.

"Not that strong," Coach Charlie said with disapproval in his voice, "not cowards, just mistakes. But, here, help me. Bring a cloth and some cold water. He'll be all right in a few minutes."

Together the two worked over the prostrate youth, and as they worked Freeman said, "I guess I was a little quick in calling them cowards. Guess maybe you're right, they're just mistakes."

"That's it, Freeman, that's it. I'm glad you see it that way. They only wanted revenge. We won the last game without them and they were nettled by it. That's only human nature. But we need these boys. Perhaps this mess tonight was a good thing. Maybe it'll bring them back to us. But look! He's coming to."

McCallum's eyes opened. Slowly consciousness came into them. Suddenly, he sat up and looked wildly about him.

"It's all right," Coach Charlie said soothingly. "Nobody's going to hurt you. Just take it easy."

"Where am I?" McCallum answered.

"In my room."

"What happened?"

"You got a clip on the jaw and were out for awhile. But you'll be all right in a minute."

McCallum rubbed his cheek.

"Oh, yes, I remember. Where are the rest?"

"I don't know. The last we saw of them they were headed in three different directions."

"Oh," McCallum said, and then asked, "What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing."

McCallum's brows knit in doubt.

"Nothing?" he repeated.

"Nothing," Coach Charlie nodded.

"You mean that after I tried to tie your head in a sack so that we could douse you in the lake, that you're not going to do anything to me?"

"Exactly," Coach Charlie replied. "I'm

going to do nothing but let you think about yourself. It seems to me that for any one who prides himself on the blood that flows in his veins that you have stooped pretty low tonight."

A flush of shame went across McCallum's face.

"I guess you don't think much of the McCallums."

"On the contrary, Mac, I think a good deal of you. You're just a good fellow that's on the wrong track. A fine name and position don't mean a thing unless you're man enough to live up to them. Some of the biggest mistakes in history have even been born kings."

THE flush on the youth's face deepened. He closed his eyes. His brow wrinkled. His jaw set. His cheeks went white and back to red again. He opened his eyes, stared at the wall for a moment and got up.

"I—I guess I had better be going," he said in a sick voice.

"All right, Mac," Coach Charlie agreed.

McCallum walked with stooped shoulders to the door. With his hand on the knob he turned.

"Are—are you going to tell anybody?"

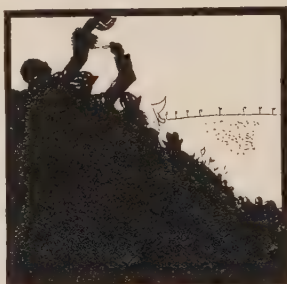
"No," Coach Charlie said and shook his head. "Al Freeman won't, either. You have only your own conscience to deal with. Fight it out with yourself, Mac, and I hope your good self wins. Good night."

The door closed behind McCallum, and Coach Charlie and Freeman heard him going slowly down the hall.

"Whew!" Freeman whistled. "I wouldn't be in his shoes for all of his money."

"It's a painful operation," Coach Charlie agreed, "but the sooner he cuts out that false pride the better off he'll be. They all will be better off when they have gotten rid of their troubles. Just think what it would mean to go through life burdened with the mistakes of cruelty, egotism, and selfishness. But we might as well go to bed. We both need our sleep. Good night, fellow. I'll see you on the field tomorrow."

Dawn was breaking when Coach Charlie was awakened from his sleep and lis-



tened. A soft knock was repeated on his door. He slipped out of bed and called softly, "Come in!"

The door opened and McCallum stepped in. In the gray light of the new day his face looked old and haggard, but there was a gleam in his hollow eyes. He stood in awkward silence. There was pity in Coach Charlie's heart.

"Out with it, Mac, you'll feel better."

McCallum's voice was steady when he replied.

"I've learned my lesson, sir. 'I'm sorry.'"

Coach Charlie nodded.

"You meant that, too, Mac."

Both stood in silence. There seemed to be nothing more to say. McCallum shifted his feet.

"I—I wonder, sir, if you would mind asking Al Freeman to come in here?"

"Not at all," Coach Charlie replied, and hastened to Freeman's room. He roused him, rubbed cold water on his face to awaken him, and led him in his pajamas back to his own room. McCallum was standing in the same spot. The two youths stared at each other for a moment. Then McCallum spoke.

"Al, I've blue-nosed you all my life. I'm sorry. I wouldn't throw a pass to you because your father is my father's hired man and I thought I was better than you. But if you'll give me a chance, I'll try to be different to you. Will you?"

Freeman leaped forward with his hand extended.

"Will I? Boy! Will I?"

Coach Charlie beamed on the two of them.

"If you'll come out for practice, Mac, your suit will be all laid out for you."

"Thanks, Coach, I was going to ask about that. And could you use two more fellows?"

Coach Charlie made no effort to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"Yes, but what do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that two of the other mistakes are out on the lawn waiting to come in."

"They are?"

"Yes. I walked around until I made up my mind to come here. Then I went to the others to see if they wouldn't come

with me. They were scared pink. They thought that you had had me arrested and that they would be next. One of them wouldn't come with me but the other two did. Shall I call them in?"

"Yes, of course."

IN A moment, McCallum had gone outside and brought in Clark and Jenkins. The newcomers stood in embarrassment, trying to find words. Coach Charlie laughed.

"Let's just believe that you've both said what you want to and let it go at that. Everything's fine, now."

Clark shook his head.

"No, Coach, no. You're a prince for trying to make it easy for us but I've got to speak my piece. I've had the big head and I know it. I'll never play to the grand stand again."

"And I," Jenkins said, "will confess I wanted to be the high point man of the conference, and I had made up my mind that I was going to carry the ball myself every time I got close to the goal line. I guess I was all wet."

"Fine," Coach Charlie said. "We'll all pull together from now on. But

what about Weston? I would like to see him, too."

"He is the one that wouldn't come," McCallum replied. "In fact he was getting ready to leave school when we left him. He called us weak sisters and a lot of other names for giving in to you. We almost had a fight right there."

Coach Charlie shook his head.

"False Pride, Egotism, and Selfishness could change, but it's going to be hard for Cruelty. I rather suspect that he planned the little set-to we had last night. Am I right?"

The youths nodded.

"You three went into it against your better judgment and when the whole thing went wrong, thanks to Freeman, you were big enough to come clean. But Cruelty—I'm afraid he needs help and drastic help. Do you suppose he has had time to get away?"

McCallum looked at his watch.

"No, sir."

"All right, I'll go see him. He lives in Garrity Hall, doesn't he?"



"Yes, sir. Number 12."

Coach Charlie hurried across the campus, deserted at the early hour, and entered Garrity Hall. He pushed open the door of Number 12. Weston was on his knees packing a grip.

"Weston!" Coach Charlie called softly.

Instantly the youth sprang to his feet, crouched and clenched his fists.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he snarled.

Coach Charlie looked at him steadily.

"Weston, a coyote is cruel, but it runs at the first sign of danger."

"Are you calling me a coyote?" Weston demanded.

"No, I'm not, but if the shoe fits put it on."

"Well, it doesn't fit."

"Then, why do you play dirty football, why do you attack in the dark, and why are you running away?"

Weston could find no reply.

"That's all," Coach Charlie said. "I just wanted you to know before you left that there is one person in the world that knows you're yellow."

HE swung on his heel, closed the door behind him and hurried back to his own room. Three youths, who used to be mistakes, tired from a nerve racking night, were asleep on his bed. He turned to tiptoe out and collided with some one. It was Weston.

"I followed you," the youth said hoarsely. "You're the first man that ever dared to call me yellow."

"I won't be the last," Coach Charlie said quickly.

Weston grew belligerent.

"Who'll be another one? Freeman?"

"Perhaps, but most of all you, yourself."

"What?"

"Just what I said. You're going to have to live with yourself and it's going to be hard. Look, Weston, can you sleep like that?"

Coach Charlie pointed at the bed. None of the figures had moved in spite of Weston's loud words.

"Come, be honest. Do you think you'll be able to sleep like that from now on?"

"I'm not yellow," Weston repeated, "and to prove it I'll meet you anywhere, any time."

Coach Charlie waved his hand.

"Oh, you would have courage enough for a fight, all right. But you haven't

the moral courage to admit you're wrong, come back to the team, and play clean football. You're yellow."

"I am, am I?"

"Yes, Weston, you are."

For many minutes, Weston stood staring at his feet. Then he raised his eyes.

"Coach, you're a winner or I never saw one. You certainly found the way to get under my hide and I thought I was hard boiled. I tell you I'm not yellow."

"Of course, you're not," Coach Charlie smiled. "Your suit is waiting for you if you think you can play clean."

"All right, I'll be ready for it. Will you shake hands with me?"

"Certainly."

Weston looked longingly toward the bed. "I wonder," he said, "if those fellows could move over. I haven't slept a wink all night and——"

"There's a couch over there," Charlie said. "Perhaps we could pull it out and find room on it for both of us."

"Let's try," Weston said.

THE next Saturday afternoon, Coach Charlie sat on the bench before the Asheville stands and watched his light team trot on the field for the game with Manox. Beside him sat four players with blankets drawn over their backs, hiding their numerals. Helmets were on their heads and they kept their faces studiously to the front. From behind they were unrecognizable—just four substitutes. All that week Asheville had practiced behind closed gates, excluding every one, even students.

Manox started the game with a rush, every player oozing confidence. The big orange team was the favorite for the conference title. It had been even before Asheville had its disastrous internal strife. Now, with a light team to take the field against it, Manox felt that the game was already in the winning column.

Asheville was pushed backward until the twenty yard line was reached, and there the loyal players braced and used all their strength and fight to stop the advance. For three downs they held their rivals. But on the fourth, the Manox quarterback put a drop kick between the uprights. Manox 3—Asheville 0.

The Manox stands roared with cheers, but the Asheville rooters responded with

a volume that warmed Coach Charlie's heart. In spite of the fact that the team seemed certain to be beaten they had nothing but admiration for players who were loyal and would fight to the last inch.

Manox kicked off to Asheville. Dawson, quarterback, received the ball, and dodging, twisting, and squirming, he followed Freeman down the field for thirty yards. There was a beautiful snap and precision in the way the Asheville players sprang into position for the next play. Like a finely adjusted machine, they worked together, and McBride, hero of the last game, sprinted like a human hare for twenty-five yards.

Down the field the Asheville team carried the ball until they were within ten yards of the goal line. Then superior weight told against them and they were checked. On the fourth down, Dawson called for a forward pass. Freeman threw to Talbot, playing end, but an alert Manox halfback leaped into the air and caught the ball. Just as his feet struck the ground and he was thrown, the timekeeper raised his pistol and fired. The first quarter was ended.

THE teams changed positions on the field and then the Manox team began a line smashing attack that Coach Charlie knew was as much an effort to wear down the resistance of the light Asheville team as to gain ground. His belief was verified when, midway of the field, the Manox coach sent in an entirely new and fresh backfield.

Doggedly the Asheville players contested every yard but even the most inexperienced of watchers could have told that they were tiring rapidly. The dash and precision were gone. With more and more effort they dragged themselves to their positions. Battered and bruised from their terrific game of the week before, they were fast getting to the point where the game would turn into a rout and it would only be a question of how large a score Manox would roll up.

(The End)

Within twelve yards of the goal line, the diminutive Dawson rose slowly after a play and looked appealingly toward the bench. Coach Charlie understood.

"All right, fellows," he called, "go in."

Instantly the four who sat beside him sprang to their feet, tossed blankets aside, and raced across the side lines. There was a chorus of surprised gasps from the Asheville stands, then excited exclamations, and then a spontaneous cheering as recognition came. The Four Mistakes were going into the game.

The cheers changed to a roar of admiration as four of the light team came to the side lines. The referee's whistle blew and the field grew hushed.

Coach Charlie saw the ball snapped, saw the Manox backfield start forward, and then saw it suddenly hurled backward as a rejuvenated Asheville team swept all opposition aside and drove in with irresistible force.

Twice more the Manox team tried to rush and twice more were outcharged and thrown backward. Then, the quarterback called for another drop kick.

The ball went from the Manox center to the kicker. He took a step, dropped the ball in front of him and kicked. A streak of red leaped into the air with raised arms. The ball hit them, bounced to the ground, rolled, and was covered with another diving flash of red. It was Asheville's ball.

Coach Charlie watched closely. Now the test would come. Now he would be able to tell if the Four Mistakes would play football.

The ball was snapped. Absolutely coordinating their movements, the four charged. Weston and McCallum, shoulder to shoulder, took out the Manox end. Clark ran behind Jenkins until Jenkins dived under the feet of a Manox tackler. Then Clark went on for twenty yards.

Coach Charlie leaned back and smiled. Whether Asheville won or lost mattered little. He had succeeded. The Four Mistakes were mistakes no longer. They were men.

A Valentine from John

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God.—*I John 4:7.*

Thy Son Liveth

(Continued from page 13)

JESUS, though He walked among men, seemed to dwell in such another world, a world whose laws did not conflict with but fulfilled natural laws as we know them. The limitations of the flesh did not hamper the radiant spirit that was in Him. With gentle simplicity He conformed to many of the customs of other men, and yet as if condescending to do so, rather than as if compelled to do so.

One has the feeling that as He trudged through the dust of the Galilean countryside, He could have saved Himself the trouble, had He chosen to do so, by being spiritually transported. One feels that as He supped with the disciples and others, He did so less because He needed food, than because He wanted to do so. When the disciples importuned Him to eat, He said simply, "I have meat to eat that ye know not." The disciples were perplexed. "Hath any man brought him *ought* to eat?" they asked. His next remark, reaching still further into that world so hidden to them, so real to Him, was, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work." Nourishment in doing the work of God? Surely that idea is not of this world, and yet it is an idea which is continually evidenced in the world. It has kinship to many human experiences, experiences of yours and of mine. Do you remember the time you became so absorbed in your work that you forgot to eat, and went supperless to bed, nourished and strengthened by the love of the work you had done? The work of God! Do you remember, perhaps, a sleepless night in which you lay enraptured, soaring on the wings of some new idea, some new purpose, that had been born in your mind between waking and slumber? The work of God! Oh, yes, we know something of this manna from heaven, this meat that is the accomplishment of God's work. Not of this world is such food, indeed; yet how greatly is the world indebted to it! Perhaps in such experiences we are getting little glimpses of the heaven in which the Teacher truly lived. Though He was in the world, He was not of it, but transcended it, (see John 17) and thereby had power over it

such as only now, after twenty centuries, we are beginning to witness again.

Undismayed by circumstances that did not give the evidence of heaven, He was able not only to dwell in that perfect world, but to recognize it as the reality of this world. With the clear vision of heaven in His mind, He called forth its likeness in this, whenever human faith, linked with His own, formed a channel for the manifestation.

SO JESUS came again into Galilee where He made the water wine, and there a nobleman, whose son was sick to the point of death, hearing of Him, came and besought Him to save his son.

Jesus' answer tested his faith. "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will in no wise believe," He said. But the father was not to be deterred. "Sir, come down ere my child die." Jesus answered, "Go thy way; thy son liveth."

The man believed, and started back to Capernaum. As he approached his home on the following day, he was met by servants who had come to tell him that his son still lived. The father inquired the hour at which his son had begun to amend. It was the same hour in which Jesus had declared, "Thy son liveth."

And the same power to work miracles that was vested in Jesus is vested in us also, and manifests according to the same law. The knowledge of this power, and of its operation, is the coming science—the science of Spirit.

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